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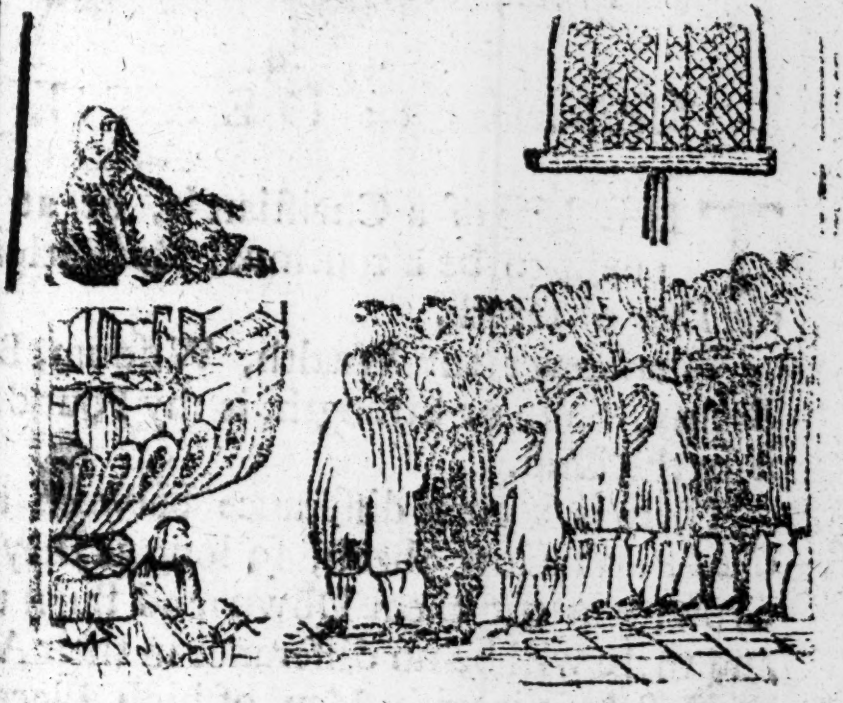
Doctor *Leach's* LAST LEGACY: OR, HIS

Pious and Christian Instructions, left to his Parishioners of St. *Peter Poor* in *Broad street, London*, and St *Giles's in the Fields*.

With his Dying Sayings, as he lay on his Death Bed, being very proper for all Christian Families, in order to prepare them for the Hour of Death, &c.



London, Printed for *J. R.* near *Fleet street*.

Doctor *Leach*'s Legacy, or his Pious and Christians Instructions, left to his Parishioners, &c.

Acts *the* 3. *Chap. Verse* 6. *Silver and Gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee*, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Meditations on DEATH.

THE Life of a Christian is, or at least ought to be a continual Meditation on the Day of Death.

Whatsoever thy Wealth, Wisdom, Birth, Beauty, State or Strength, is thy Foundation is in the Dust.

There is a great differance between a tall *Ceader* and a low Shrub, so long as they both Grow, but cut them Down and Burn them, and there will be no differance in their Ashes: and just so it is with Men of high Place and Dignity, with those of poor and dejected Fortunes; for Death and the Grave makes them all Equal. In

In this Life ſome are ſet upon the Throne, nd others are grinding at the Mill, ſome are loathed in Purple and fare Deliciouſly every ay; while others lie at the rich Mens Gates, nd have not ſo much as the Crumbs that fall om their Tables: But in the Grave, Rich nd Poor meet together, where the foul Ul-rs of *Lazarous*, makes as good Duſt as the littering Paint of *Jeſebel*. Kings muſt pile up heir Crowns at the Gates of the Grave, and y down their Scepters at the Feet of Death.

They that Glory in their Anceſtors in the obleneſs of their Birth, and Blood, muſt ake their Beds in the Dark, and acknow-edge Corruption for their Father, and the Worms for their Mother: *Why then art thou b! Duſt and Aſhes proud of any part of thy Bor-ow'd and faiding Glory?*

The rich Man in the Goſpel, when he had built his Barns, and got in his Harveſt, he was ſuddenly call'd away from it all, and car-ried nothing with him of all the Stores he had provided.

The Spider ſpins out his own Bowells to make a Cobweb, which perſently, nay per-haps the next Moment it is ſwept down to the Ground, and thrown out into the Street among other Duſt and Filthineſs.

'Tis in vain for Men to riſe up Early and ſit up late, and eat the Bread of Carefullneſs. *For Naked came I out of my Mothers VVomb, and Naked ſhall I return again*, Job 1. 21.

I hated (ſays *Solomon*) all the Labour which I had taken under the Sun, becauſe I ſhould leave it unto the Man that ſhall be after me; and who knoweth whether he ſhall be a wiſe Man or a Fool? Yet he ſhall rule over all my Labour, wherein I have Laboured, and wherein I have ſhewed my ſelf Wiſe under the Sun, *This is alſo Vanity*, Ecl. 2. 18. 19.

We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we carry nothing out of it, Tim. 6. 7.

Thus we ſee that the Meditation of Death, is a ſoveraign Antidote, againſt all the Evil that reigns in the World.

There is nothing more certain than Death, and yet nothing more uncertain in the Circumſtances of it. Certain it is all Fleſh muſt Die, but where, when or how we ſhall Die, God only knoweth.

An Infant in the Womb knows not the time when he ſhall come into the World; and when he is in it, he knows not the time when he ſhall go out of it again.

To defer Repentance till to Morrow is very dangerous: God hath promis'd thee Pardon if thou Repenteth to Day: But if thou doſt not, he hath not promis'd thee Life till to Morrow. *Boaſt not thy ſelf of to Morrow, for thou knoweſt not what a Day may bring forth*, *Prov.* 27. 1. If not an End of thy Sin it may be an End of thy Life. if it bring not

not forth Fruit meet for Repentance, it will bring forth Fruit fit for Condemnation.

We are are at best but Tennants at Will, and we know not how soon our great Landlord may turn us out of these Earthly Habitations: *Therefore like the wise Steward, before thou art discharged of this House, to make sure of another.* Luke 16. 4.

Directions for a Death bed Sickness.

IN the time of thy Sickness, call thy self to an Account for all thy Sins, Mourn for them, and in the bitterness of thy Soul confess them to God, and with Tears and Humility ask forgiveness, through the Merits of Jesus Christ thy Saviour.

Send for thy Minister and let him give thee all the Spiritual comfort he is capable to bestow and thou to receive: And earnestly desire him to pray over thee: *The Prayer of the Righteous availeth much.*

And if thy ability and circumstances will permit; be sure to remember the Poor, for that is well pleasing to the Lord. *Blessed is he that considereth the Poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of Trouble; the Lord will Strengthen him upon the Bed of Languishing, and will make his Bed in his Sickness.* Psal. 41. 3.

If thou art a Father or Mother of Chil-

Children call them before thee and Bleſs them, for ſo did *Jacob* when he was on his Death-Bed.

Make reſtitution (if thou art able) to ſuch as thou haſt any ways wrong'd or unjuſtly defranded, for without that there is no remiſſion.

Enquire with *Samuel*, whoſe Ox thou haſt taken, or whoſe Aſs thou haſt taken, whom thou haſt defrauded, whom thou haſt oppreſſed, or from whoſe Hand thou haſt received a *Bribe*, and reſtore it. Send for them who have offended thee, and heartily forgive them, for how canſt thou expect forgiveneſs in Heaven, from the Father of Mercies, if thou haſt no Bowels of forgiveneſs for thy Brother on Earth: And for thoſe that thou haſt offended ask them forgiveneſs and pray heartily for them.

And *Laſtly*, reſign and give thy ſelf over to God in theſe or the like Words. *Behold here I am let the Lord do to me*

as

as it ſeemeth good to him. 2. Sam. 15. 26, *Not my Will but thy Will be done.* And if thou art thus prepared at the Day of Death; *Oh! well is it with thee and happy ſhalt thou be.* Pſal. 128 2. *Bleſſed is that Servant when his Lord cometh ſhall find thus doing, and thus Dying.* Matt. 24. 46.

A ſhort Prayer for a Happy Departure.

OH! moſt Glorious Lord, and the Spirits of all Fleſh, in whoſe Hands are the Days, Hours, and Moments of all Mankind, and the Keys of the Grave and the Threds of Life are at thy diſpoſal: I moſt Humbly beſeech thee of thy Infiite Goodneſs, to Pardon and forgive all my *Sins*, and to make me ever mindful of my *Mortality.* I confeſs O Lord that the Days and Years of my Pilgrimage are but few and Evil, and that I have here no abiding place or fixed City; and that all Fleſh and the goodlineſs thereof is

but

but a Flower that Fadeth, and a Shaddow that Vaniſheth away, ſo that Numbering my Days I may apply my Heart unto Wiſdom and with the wiſe Virgins I may provide Oyle in my Lamp, and make my calling and Election ſure, before I go hence and be no more ſeen. And when it ſhall pleaſe thee to caſt me upon the Bed of Sickneſs and to compaſs me about with the Sorrows of the Grave I beſeech thee for thy Name Sake, for thy Mercy's Sake, and for thy Son Jeſus Chriſt his Sake; not to be far from me in that needful time of Trouble, when I ſhall find heavineſs in my Fleſh, and there be none to deliver me.

But draw near unto my Soul, and be about my Bed, to Pardon my Sins and pacify my Conſcience, to Strengthen my Fleſh mitigate my Pain and receive my Soul when it ſhall be commended unto thee: Receive it oh! God the Father for thou haſt created it receive it O God the Son for thou haſt redeemed it: Receive it O God the Holy Ghoſt for thou haſt Sanctified it: Receive it O Holy Bleſſed and Glorious Trinity that being Tranſlated out of this Vale of Miſery it may reign with thee, one ever living and Immortal God in the Kingdom of Glory World without End. *Amen.*

FINIS.